She shall be married to this noble Earle:
Will you be ready? do you like this haste?
Well, keepe no great ado, a friend or two,
For harke you, *Tybalt* being slaine so late,
It may be thought we held him carelesly
Being our kinsman, if we reuell much:
Therefore weele haue some halfe a doozen friends,
And there an end, but what say you to Thursday?

Paris. My Lord, I would that thursday were to morrow.

Ca. Well get you gone, a Thursday be it then:
Go you to *Iuliet* ere you go to bed,
Prepare her wife, against this wedding day.
Farewell my Lord, light to my chamber ho,
Afore mee, it is so very late that wee may call it early by and by,
Goodnight.

Exeunt.

Enter Romeo *and* Iuliet *aloft.*

Iu. Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet neare day:
It was the Nightingale, and not the Larke,
That pierst the fearefull hollow of thine eare,
Nightly she sings on yond Pomgranet tree,
Beleeue me loue, it was the Nightingale.

Rom. It was the Larke the herauld of the morne,
No Nightingale, looke loue what enuious streakes
Do lace the seuering cloudes in yonder East:
Nights candles are burnt out, and iocand day
Stands tipto on the mystie Mountaine tops,
I must be gone and liue, or stay and die.

Iu. Yond light is not daylight, I know it I:
It is some Meteor that the Sun exhale,
To be to thee this night a Torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to *Mantua.*
Therefore stay yet, thou needst not to be gone.

Ro. Let me be tane, let me be put to death,
I am content, so thou wilt haue it so.
Ile say yon gray is not the the morning: eye,

Tis but the pale reflex of *Cinthias* brow.
Nor that is not the Larke whose notes do beate
The vaultie heauen so high aboue our heads,
I haue more care to stay then will to go:
Come death and welcome, *Iuliet* wills it so.
How ist my soule? lets talke it is not day.

Iu. It is, it is, hie hence be gone away:
It is the Larke that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh Discords, and vnpleasing Sharpes.
Some say, the Larke makes sweete Diuision:
This doth not so: for she diuideth vs.
Some say the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes,
O now I would they had changd voyces too:
Since arme from arme that voyce doth vs affray,
Hunting thee hence, with Huntsup to the day.
O now be gone, more light and light it growes.

Romeo. More light and light, more darke and woes.

Enter Madame and Nurse.

Nur. Madam.

Iu. Nurse.

Nur. Your Lady Mother is cūming to your chāber,
The day is broke, be wary, looke about.

Iuli. Then window let day in, and let life out.

Ro. Farewell, farewell, one kisse and Ile descend.

Iu. Art thou gone so loue, Lord, ay husband, friend,
I must heare from thee euery day in the houre,
For in a minute there are many dayes,
O by this count I shall be much in yeares,
Ere I againe behold my *Romeo.*

Rom. Farewell:
I will omit no opportunitie,
That may conuey my greetings loue to thee.

Iu. O thinkst thou we shall euer meete againe?

Rom. I doubt it not, and all these woes shall serue
For sweete discourses in our times to come.